

## **Western Addiction "Incendiary Minds"**

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NO!!!

Each one is born but they're coming out dead  
My hands spell words as they fall from my head  
Like a confederate flag dad wrecks of his kin  
With blood on your brow you'll cry your eyes in

Prison ghost starts to scream as they carry you out  
And attrition keeps you wishing that they'd tear your  
mouth out  
A sign on an inn is the shape when you die  
And poor St. Lucia took a knife in the eye

And it hurt. It fucking hurt!

The great diseases of our time are a soundtrack to the  
system  
With incendiary minds and the knowledge to resist  
them  
We can body harvest hate and send a charge up the  
floor  
And eliminate the causes worth fighting for

Our incendiary minds  
Our incendiary minds

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